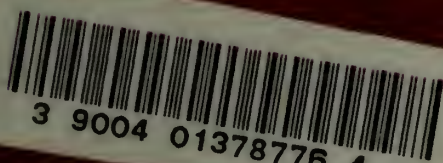


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In Memoriam.

A SERMON

ON THE DEATH OF

Miss Margaret Macdonald ;

BY

JOHN JENNINGS, D. D.

Minister, Bay Street Presbyterian Church.

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NOTE.—The Author regrets the delay in complying with the request to have this sermon printed: but indisposition, owing to partial blindness, prevented him from preparing it sooner for the press, from the short-hand manuscript.

SERMON.

“Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?”—JOB xiv. 10.

In the universe—and of its magnitude we have no appreciable conception—there is an immensity of being, respecting which we are in total ignorance. How very little of it the eye has seen; and how much less of it the ear has heard! It is said of Sir Isaac Newton that, notwithstanding his far-searching enquiries, he found himself to be only like a little child who had gathered a few fine pebbles on the sea shore, while there yet lay stretched out before him the great ocean with all its undisturbed and undiscovered treasures.—There are, again, certain truths about which our knowledge is very limited, and we cannot attain to the full comprehension of them: they become subjects for faith rather than for reason.—There are, too, what some hold to be facts, and what others maintain to be fallacies; things which cause differences, beliefs, doubts, or denials.—Philosophers have their controversies; and theologians their divers interpretations and disputations.—Those who study nature do not all agree, and give an unanimous report of what they have found in the sea, on the land, and in the sky.—Those who study the Bible do not all agree either, and return but one system of divinity. And if it shall be pleaded in behalf of scepticism that the Bible is hard to be understood, because those who study it have so many differences in interpreting it, it can well be retorted on the devotees of natural theology that they are by no means characterised by unanimity, either in what they read, or from what they learn of the first volume of the revelation of God.

There is one fact, however, as to which there is no doubt, no controversy—the man who reads only the Book of Nature, and he who reads also the Book of Inspiration; the Christian and the infidel; the polished sage and the naked barbarian, are all agreed on it—a fact which is co-extensive with humanity—and it is this, that man dies; he is doomed to die: and it is a belief that fixes itself equally on the blooming babe in its fulness of joy in its mother's arms, as on hoary age, which Time is leaning on and pressing down into the grave; and on those who have been compelled to migrate and people the city of the dead. Human faith is unanimous in that; and if doubts arise concerning man, if awful questions agitate and press for solution, they are not about the fact of death, but the consequences; for these, indeed, are mighty and mysterious enough, and such as natural science can never explore, for only to the door-posts of the gateway to the invisible can unaided reason go.

The text asserts an universal and undeniable fact; but it also contains the question which gives rise to doubts, or fears, or hopes; and to speculations so deep, that reason, unaided by the Bible, has not a plummet heavy enough and a line long enough to reach the mysterious soundings, and bring up the evidences which shall be alike a reply and a faith.

There are the two conjunct facts—death and dissolution; “MAN DIETH, AND WASTETH AWAY.” Death, so common, allows none to see any nearer or clearer under its inscrutable pall. When I say this, I mean not as to its cause. There is no mystery in that. One sentence reveals it all: for “by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death hath passed upon all men, because all have sinned.” Just as if you go to some parts of Asia or Africa, and see whole regions bare of every green thing—grass-less plains, crop-less fields, and leaf-less trees, you mark the ravages of the army of famine, in the locusts which go forth by bands; or just as if you go to some seat of war, and behold trenches, and batteries, and battlements that have endured an iron tempest, the torn soil, the crumbled walls, the broken armour, the deadly shot that lies rusting after its destructive

mission is done, the mounds scattered so thickly that contain the remains of chivalrous battalions, and here and there the bones of the brave which the vulture has left, and around are wasted and trodden fields and deserted homes, once so happy ones, and you mark the fell realities of war,—so, as surely, in the universality of death, can we trace its cause, and find it threatened even in Eden; and since that first blood of the righteous Abel which was shed by the guilty fratricide, the prerogative has been given to death, by many instrumentalities, to vindicate an inflexible law of God.

“ Death is where billows foam,
Death is where music melts upon the air ;
Death is around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and death is there.

Death is where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
Death is where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast ALL seasons for thine own, O ! death ! ”

Even though we know the cause of it, still there is a wonderful mysteriousness when we carry on our enquiry into the future. Who has ever stood and looked at a corpse, at the remains of a friend, of one with whom you had loving association, and saw the eyes, but no soul now looking out there ; the mouth, but no more coming from it the language of intelligence, the tones of love, or the melodies of song : that form, once so active and strong, now inanimate and cold as the clod of the valley : who has ever stood and looked thus—if he had not the stolid stare and vacant mind—who has not felt the mystery of death coming, for a time, like an Egyptian cloud of blackness, and sweeping and whirling around his brain ! Who has ever stood so, and looked so, who has not felt himself asking, “ and can it be possible that *that* shall yet put on immortality ? can it be that *this* corruptible, now to be given to the grave and worms, shall yet put on incorruption ? and was there, after all, a soul in that body ? and does *it* still live ? and if so, where ? where ? ” Yes, even with the Bible in your hand and its faith in your heart, you

cannot help feeling an overpowering mysteriousness as you stand by a coffin side ; and strange questions and strange thoughts—even in spite of faith—will start up and hold wonderful and perplexing converse within you.

This has always been experienced. We may take the book of Job as one of the earliest books of the Bible—if not indeed written before Moses' day—and we find in this chapter of it some of the reasonings that were entertained : the strugglings of a true faith in the starlight of religious knowledge, long ages ago, before life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel. The grass, though cut down by the scythe of the husbandman, will spring again ; the tree, though it receive a deep wound from the woodman's axe will recover and heal again, and even though levelled to the ground, will cast forth sprouts from its roots. In the vegetable world there are recuperative powers ; and though winter may seem to deaden all with its icy breath, and swathe all for burial in the robe woven by the frost king, yet

“ The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again ;”

but for man, death, as far as this existence goes, is his finality ; his place he never fills again, and there is no reviving spring, to him, from “ the ashes of the urn.” Thus, as respects this world, the grass of the field and the willow by the stream have an advantage over man. The water that ascends from the ocean, that floats in the cloud, that falls in the rain, that runs into the rill, the rivulet to the river, and the river to the sea, thus finds its way back again, but man comes no more to revisit the old scenes. The man of Uz, by his reasoning, did not mean to be an annihilationist, for he believed in a future state, as the whole tone, spirit, and hope of his declarations indicate—though I cannot readily accept as a clear proof that, which is often given, “ For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God,” for that possibly had by him another reference ;

yet it is true in a gospel sense to every believer, and no doubt it will prove true to him too, but what he intended to convey was that, when we examine the subject, there is a darkness such as the best light from the analogies of nature does not dispel.

I need not speak of the opinions of either ancient or modern heathen, where the faint relic of a once full, bright truth in the soul is all that we now find in their mythologies ; but even the old Jews had it not fully, and held it not clearly as we. It was not to them a well proven fact, in actual history. They had heard of Enoch, whom God "took" in a happy translation, but he was the solitary instance in the antediluvian world, and taken to represent in heaven humanity before the flood. They had heard of Elijah, who finished his splendid prophetic career in a glorious ascension ; but he was the only one in the long line of all their great and godly ones, and taken to represent the Jewish church in the church triumphant. They had not yet heard of a burial and then a resurrection. They went to the sepulchre, and saw a great stone with an unbroken seal at the door of it. The fulness of time had not yet come when they should behold it rolled away, and when there should be heard the cheering invitation to "come see the place where the Lord lay." Life and immortality, from the grave, had not yet a living representative of a dead or a dying humanity in either earth or heaven. The grand evidence was wanting until given by the Son of Mary as the real Man, and the Son of God as very Divinity, uniting both natures in one ; giving His life, and taking it again : yielding to death in His humanity, and going down among His kindred of the flesh ; and then conquering death by His divinity, and rising again, and bidding us enter His empty tomb, to have a misty faith illuminated with the clearest of evidence, and then to follow Him in the crowd of witnesses, and to be assured that the Lord was risen indeed. The resurrection of Jesus is the culminating testimony. The first fruit of the harvest of immortality was taken from the borrowed tomb of the good man of Arimathea ; and it is a token and assurance that there shall be yet a harvest home, when the reapers shall be the angels, and have gathered into the kingdom of glory all the redeemed from

among men. Jesus Christ and He crucified is the doctrine to lead the sinner to God for his salvation. Jesus Christ and He risen from the dead is the doctrine to cheer the dying Christian that he shall not be forgotten in his grave. Jesus Christ and He ascended at the right hand of God the Father is the doctrine to lift us up above all earth's ills and deaths, and to teach us that He, who is there, has all power given unto Him in heaven and in earth, and that He will come again and receive us unto Himself; and then, our joy shall be full as we stand around the tree of life, in the paradise of God.

“MAN DIETH, AND WASTETH AWAY.” Some read it thus, MAN WASTETH AWAY, AND DIETH. Nature gradually fails: the silver cord has its threads snapped one by one: the bowl is piece by piece broken at the fountain; and that is true so far, as when he who has gathered the snows of age on his head and bows and bends him on his staff, that he thus wasteth away, and slowly goes out of sight passing down the valley of the shadow of death; but though this is *a* fact, it is not *the* uniform one; for the lovely babe, the mother's jewel of her heart, and more precious to her than rubies, is taken away: the strong man dies while the tide of health is running at a high flood, and his bones are full of marrow; and fell consumption suddenly pales the young rose-blush on the cheek of beauty.—The reading of the text is better, man dieth, and *then* he wasteth away back to his origin—all but his soul—dust to dust, and ashes to ashes. O! men and brethren, if we were to read our fate only in the language of death; if all our light were that which comes from the windowless walls of the house appointed for all living, we would mourn for our beloved dead without hope, and sobbings would be turned into wailings, and patient grief into a yell of agony; but, blessed be God, the gospel places a lamp of living hope in the coffin, and by faith we see its ethereal flame on the graves of all the Lord's sleepers therein, and by its light we read with joy that they shall rise again; and thus, for them and for ourselves we look, far beyond, to the dawn of that glorious day which shall have no sun-set; when the resurrection shall bring up the conquerors, with the challenge to their ancient foes, forever van-

quished then, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" Death! thou hadst a sting, but the poison is extracted; grave! thou hadst gates and bars, but they are all burst and broken; and now, redeemed, renewed, restored, we lift our foreheads to the sky, to behold and to hear the Lord descending from heaven with a shout of triumphal conquest; and ascribe, in all the gratitude of conscious immortality, "thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The text further states, that by death there is not only the inanimation and consequent dissolution of the body, but, besides, there is another fact, "YEA MAN GIVETH UP THE GHOST." Now from the original word for "*ghost*" we, perhaps, can gather no more meaning than simply *life*. Man giveth up the life. Still there comes the enquiry, what is life? Does it consist only in conscious activity of brain and heart, blood vessels, muscles, and nerves? If so, man is altogether like the beast of the field! I must have more than that. The "giving up" infers a living part, a restoring or returning of a portion of what constituted human existence. The preacher in Jerusalem, after speaking of death, says, "*then* shall the spirit return to God who gave it." We find the soul here; and which is the real, living, responsible constituent of man. Death is the separation of the material from the spiritual, and dissolution seizes on the one, and God recalls the other. Reason can do absolutely nothing for us in this. It is a subject of pure faith, and that faith resting on heavenly revealings. By reason, we know nothing about death any further than we see. What was life, is lifeless: every sense utterly unconscious. That is all we can tell. We behold no part or particle escaping—no tenant flitting from an old home. But there is a sublime wonder in the fact that the soul from that body has passed, quicker than electric light, through unknown regions into the clear atmosphere of eternity, and arrived at the very foot of the throne of the Godhead. We want words to express the mysteriousness, the sublimity, the awfulness of the truth which so directly concerns every one of us: for we, too, must give up our souls to God, and stand before Him, either friendless, having

never sought the sinner's Friend, or to be presented as ransomed spirits, through Jesus Christ, and to begin eternity in the blessed company of the spirits of just men made perfect.

I am not sure but not a few make a mistake, and think and speak too much about the wrong thing. They think of the grave, how forbidding it is ; and recoil at finding a new mother in the earth, and their sisterhood and brotherhood in the worm : they mourn, and think of the dear departed as in the grave ; and they go to the grave, to weep there, and as it were to get the nearer to them. Now, hallow the spot where our dead rest : but let not mere sense act to the exclusion of faith. The shortest, sweetest verse in all the Bible contains the out-gushing sympathy of the Lord with bereavement, "Jesus wept:" yet He bids us think of the soul—the real, the best, the living part ; and to lift up our eyes from the dust, and our truest affection from the tomb ; and if our dead died in Christ, to have a communion of spirit with them in the praise of the same Redeemer : to feel as if a saintly mantle fell on us, to help us on to heaven, and to live in contemplation of a joyful and unbroken reunion in the world of life. It is a relic of paganism that leads us to clothe the Christian mourner in sackcloth : the early Christianity had the flowing robes of white. It is the spirit of paganism that carves on the tombstone the death scull and cross-bones : it is Christianity that teaches us to chisel thereon the holy emblems of the anchor and the palm.

The text has an all-important question, "WHERE IS HE?" Where is man after he dieth, and wasteth away? Where is he after he giveth up the ghost? Of necessity, in considering the former part in the light of the gospel, the reply has been indicated ; nevertheless, to complete the subject, it requires a special distinctiveness.

"WHERE IS HE?" Is that all of him we see in the shroud—all of him that is wasting away under the sod in the Necropolis, which, being interpreted, means the city of the dead? Are we to learn no more about him than can be heard from a grim member of the congregation of the silent? If so, it were frightful. If so, we would live with the black pit of extinction gaping to receive us—to end life, with all its thoughts, and deeds, and aspirations, in an eternal blank : to live believing that we are made but a little lower than the angels, and to die the inferior even of the worm. My nature abhors the very thought of it. There is that within me which clings to life ; if not life here, yet life somewhere. The murky gloom of severe disappointment may drive

the light from reason ; or the despair of conscience be so terrible as to hurry a man from the present to the anywhere—and, if possible, the nowhere—but in ordinary consciousness it is the human feeling to keep hold on existence. Even heathenism, in its every phase, has never accepted death as the finality. It may not be reason, properly so called, but there is a something in man which asserts a claim to immortality. Such, at any rate, has been the fact in all ages, and the broad denial of it has come, strangely, only from those who, having Bible light, have closed their eyes to it, and, seated in the chair of the scorner, have impiously declared that there is no God, and preferred to liken themselves unto the beasts that perish.

Where is man after he dies ? Here, replies nature ;—not all here, says a hope within us ;—not here at all, says revelation. The soul is the man, is the doctrine of the Bible ; a doctrine which refutes nature, and substantiates the instinct of hope for life. The Bible raises us from the dead body to the living sentient man returned to God, and there to wait till the resurrection day when the reunion shall be completed. But some man will say, how are the dead raised up, and with what bodies do they come ? The reply is to be found only in the word of God ; and for the argument, let me refer you to the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and to the evidence of the resurrection of Jesus. And here comes the issue of faith or infidelity : for, “ if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.” Some, indeed, may hold that both our preaching and our faith are fabulous, and, discarding them, view the future as a blank, and themselves as doomed to nothingness ; but their creed will not make void the declaration that God hath appointed a day in the which He will raise the dead, and judge them too. They may now attempt to look on death, not even as a leap in the dark, but a leap into oblivion. Yet, to judge by the history of such infidelity, there will come a trying hour—if they have time to think—when their courage to face annihilation will fail them, and the verity of a God and a judgment to come will appear before them as more than possible : as a fact which they had derided, then rising up in awful solemnity, and either by the mercy of Christ bringing them humbly to His grace, or ringing the knell of doom through all their soul.

“ WHERE IS HE ? ” Judging by the unconcern of many, it would seem as if they could reply, we neither know nor care. But to such I would say, what ought to awaken the deepest interest in you more than your own futurity ? Enquire, and are you no better than a beast,

with a spirit that goeth downward; or are you a man, with a soul whose father is God? Are you indifferent about yourself? Then I shall entreat for yourself—your future self—a high and holy selfishness—that you give instant and earnest heed to what the Bible teaches: that by the terrors of the Lord ye be persuaded to go no farther in the way of sin; and by the promises of the Lord you may be led into the way of life. I would urge you, by certain misery, that you flee from it, while yet there is time; and by eternal blessedness, that you make it your choice while it is yet within your reach; and let faith in the Bible lay hold on eternal life. It is your own self through all eternity which is the momentous matter: it is you a saint, or you a sinner for ever: it is you to be either up among the glorified, holy and happy as an angel who never fell, or it is you down among all the misery of hell—hell within you and hell around you, weeping and wailing and gnashing your teeth because of misery you feel; and because of mercy, grace, and glory, all of which you have lost. I can plead, too, by the mercy of God in Christ that you give not yourself to perish; for surely you need a Saviour, when it required that none other and none less should be provided than the Son of God; and surely eternal salvation is a mighty reality, when Jesus died to purchase it; and that in believing you may have life through His name. But shall you tell me that God is so merciful that He will not condemn men to eternal misery, and therefore you shall be safe in His condoning grace. Ah! remember that you know nothing of the soul, or heaven, or hell otherwise than the Bible declares. And why is there mention of heaven, if there are to be no rewards; and why tell of hell, if there is to be no punishment: why faith in a Saviour, if there is to be universal absolution: why a Saviour at all, if the mere mandate of Divine mercy is to cause acquittal: where the justice of putting the good and the bad on equal terms; and where the felicities we associate with heaven, if the pure and the foul are alike to compose its society? You extol God's mercy, and so do I; but God's mercy is here, and through Christ full and free to you now; but if you reject it here, while it is offered, on what ground of Scripture, or reason, or sense can you expect it, or claim it then? You are careless about yourself now; and why should God be careful about you then, and after He had called and you had refused; after He had stretched out His hands but you regarded them not? You look for God's mercy in the future. I entreat you to seek it now; and, in apostolic words, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

"WHERE IS HE?" In a state in which he is neither to be tried nor

purified. He shall be given no opportunity for the reception or rejection of grace then. His human life was his season of trial, and at death his character is sealed for ever. He shall have no means, no mercy, no Holy Spirit to make him righteous then. The inflexible law is, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he who is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still." The character after death, I believe, will be the same in kind, but not in degree; and will be progressive either in glory, or in misery. It is the law of God in this world that there is no standing still in anything: it is life, or decay; it is better, or worse; and so it is respecting man; and the same principle will continue for evermore. The saint, in the beatitudes of heaven, will be receiving more knowledge as he ascends another and yet another mountain top of glory, and gazes afar on new scenes full of the works and wonders of God; and his book of new songs will be constantly enlarging as he offers the tribute of his joy in praise to God and to the Lamb: and on the opposite, the condemned, in the region of woe, will find a deep, and yet a lower deep, into which his nature is descending; and the old passions, which fired and forced him on in his lifetime, growing more fierce and furious in the company of the devil and his angels; and still hating the very evil which possesses him, and maddened by despair, himself will be hell, blazing in still hotter flames.

O! brethren, hearken to the many lessons which are addressed to you. The saints in glory bid you to be followers of them who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises; and the spirits in woe would send a message, if they could, that you come not into that place of torment. The Bible has its lessons, radiant with the light of heaven, and full of the experience of earth; and the grand object of all its teaching is to educate and prepare you to receive the Divine benediction, and the fulness of joy to which it leads. And death has its lessons, so many, and some so sad, and some so sweet. Our emblem is the shadow—and often shadows we pursue. It is in the grass that withers, and in the flower that fades. Here we have no day or hour we can truly call our own, for we know not what the next may bring. In these tabernacles of ours, our souls are only tenants at will; and our supreme duty here is to live, using life in high and holy relations to that hereafter to which the Bible points the way, and which by the grace and strength of Christ all the faithful shall be enabled to pursue.

In concluding, it is almost unnecessary to say that this subject has been forcibly brought to our consideration by the death of one

of our own congregation. I think it can be said, without exciting envy in any breast, that one of the very loveliest of our young people has passed away from us. Death, as the reaper, with the sickle keen, has selected one of our finest flowers, to present it to the Lord of Paradise. I speak of our dear departed young friend, MAGGIE MACDONALD—that was her old name; for her new name, written in the white stone of the New Jerusalem, no man knoweth save she who hath received it, and He who bestowed it.

In her earlier days—having a good religious and secular education—her special characteristic was a very unaffected and most amiable disposition; and one which, if it were possible, improved with her years, so that she was a choice favorite amongst all her acquaintances. No pride in dress, no pride in manner; but there was a winning ease, with dignity, that in her girl-hood commanded alike attention and respect. She had warmth in her affections, but not forward in showing it. She was naturally cheerful, but never gay: with a keen sense of the humorous, but always keeping it within the bounds of a true refinement. She had much of the beautiful—beautiful in person, beautiful in mind and character; traits such as we might say that Jesus saw in the young nobleman, and Jesus loved him for them. Still these were not enough, and the Lord gave her a cross to bear, and sent her into the school of affliction, to train her for Himself. For about four years there had been a conflict for life, and every likely means were used to ward off a slow but sapping consumption. At length there came another conflict for eternal life. She was always most respectful regarding religious things, and ready to learn divine truth; but the great concern had not pressed home on her heart till last summer, when then it did, amounting almost to a struggle—a soul striving to get from the bondage of natural sin into the glorious liberty of the children of God,—a soul deeply convinced of insecurity seeking for refuge in Christ,—a soul in earnest, asking what must I do to be saved, and striving for salvation through the Crucified. Faith, the hand of the soul, was at first weak in the trial, but it grew stronger, and at length laid hold, with a grasp that would never relax, on the Lord her Redeemer; and she found joy and peace in believing. She was not a member of the church, though more than once she thought seriously of becoming one; and latterly, had her strength permitted, she most gratefully would have gone to the Lord's table, and with all its solemn memorials have confessed her faith, and satisfied her heart at the feast which the Lord has provided for his own beloved. But it was not to be that thus and there she was to make a public profession. She did well that she did it in her heart, when she

could do no more ; and surely the Lord accepted, according to His promise, the sacramenting and consecration of her whole soul. And though denied a precious privilege, and the discharge of a holy duty in the courts of the Lord's house and at the altar-table of devoutest ordinance, yet she failed not to confess Jesus in her sick room and on her dying bed : and with almost her even last breath it was her admonition to all who knew her, and especially to those she loved so well, that they should come to Jesus, and be Christians ; and that those who professed the faith should hold it fast, and also hold it forth.

Death had no terrors to her. She saw Immanuel's land beyond the cold flow of the Jordan, and she was glad. She was so calm—so very calm—with every mental faculty clear as light, and strong as ever it was ; and she spoke of dying as collectedly and pleasantly as ever in the days of her strength she talked of a thing of earthly joy and loving anticipation. She could

“ Leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends she held so dear.”

and then turning from the world, with all its attachments, she rejoiced in the hope of meeting Christ, and joining in the blissful society of the redeemed around the throne. One of her delights was, from an exposition of Jesus' meaning, when He said “ In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you ” ;—that he was not leaving the house, but going only to another room in the palace of the great King ; so she, in departing, was only passing to a higher room in the paternal residence, and to enjoy its preparation and company in the presence of her Lord. A favorite hymn of her's, which expressed her faith and feelings, is that choicest of the choice, “ Just as I am, without one plea ; ” and which, at her request, was read to her a short time before she died ; along with another that with joy in her face, and almost with her last utterance, she kept repeating, as she foretasted the glorious reality of being “ Forever with the Lord.”

She fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of the 21st of March, and in the twentieth year of her age ; and her requiem let it be, as if we could speak into the dull ear of death,

“ Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;

The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom :

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave ! but 'twere vain to deplore thee.
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide :
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee ;
 And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died."

Now, in closing, I would specially address the young ; and it would be in the earnest message your departed young friend and companion in this house of God has left ; and though dead, may she speak to you, urging you to early piety—to be Christians,—to the dedication of your heart and life to the love and service of Him who loved you and gave Himself for you. May the Divine Spirit apply it savingly to you all !

You must die: you may die young : you may die soon : you may die without having time to pray ; and O ! bethink you of all that is beyond death. Prepare to die : yes, but the best preparation is your living holiness. Prepare to live ; to live now a life of faith in the Son of God : and that is your security, let death come when and how it may. The Christian character is the first to seek, and the best to have ; and in it there is a welling joy, from a fountain that is never dry : a good hope in it that sheds bright cheer on life's darkest hours, and illumines the very gloom of death, and rising up to the world of the Immortals, finds it turned into a glorious fruition there.

Now, may God grant that this service, on the death of her we now mourn, may be blessed, for the spiritual life of both young and old. " The voice said, cry. And what shall I cry ? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field : the grass withereth, the flower fadeth : because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it ; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

